

A COMPLEAT
COLLECTION

Of all the
VERSES, ESSAYS,
LETTERS *and* ADVERTISEMENTS,
WHICH

Have been occasioned by the Publication of
Three Volumes of MISCELLANIES,
by *Pope* and Company.

To which is added an EXACT LIST of the
Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen and others, who have
been abused in those Volumes.

With a large DEDICATION to the
Author of the *DUNCIAD*, contain-
ing some ANIMADVERSIONS upon
that *Extraordinary Performance*.

*Thou, great Scriblerus, Malice still inspires,
And with cold Venom damps the Poet's Fires:
A startling Elf, who breaks the Critick's Trust,
With Spleen condemns, and always is unjust;
Whose own Example best explains his Law;
And in himself the vast Profund he draws.*

LONDON;
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(Price One Shilling.)





TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
DUNCIAD.

SIR,



Address this Collection to you, upon a presumption that you are not the little Gentleman, who sets his Name to the *Profund*. A Presumption I must indeed own to be but slightly grounded, since I have no better Authority for it than your own Word: However, my Wishes incline me to believe it, because I wou'd chuse to have a Correspondence of this kind, or indeed any Dealings, with any body rather than him. I look upon him to be a dangerous Creature to have any Friendship or Intimacy with; and I think whoever you are, if you be not

A 2

Mr.

Mr. A. P—E, you have a fair chance of being an honest and a worthier Man.

I presum'd, as Sir *Wilfull* says, upon the Information of your Preface, that you were not the Man; but some People that know Mr. P. think that no kind of Evidence. I indeed believ'd that a Writer of his Figure and Reputation could never be reduced to eat his own Toad, as the Mountebanks call it, or could want a Zany to spread about his Praises, among his hundred thousand Admirers, without being at any trouble himself: but that Reason fail'd me, when I was inform'd, that that was a Secret in the Art of Writing, which Mr. P. had found out and practis'd often with great Success, and that it was the greatest mark of his Genius that could be found, as being the only new thing he ever introduced into our *English* Poetry. His Verses in Mr. *Wycherley's* Name were Originals in that Way, and why might he not now as well write anonymously, as then borrow a Name, to complement himself?

For these Reasons I am not quite so well fix'd in the Belief which your Preface demands; and further because I find you so naturally slide into some of the good Qualities of your pretended Friend, that in you they look more like native Graces than borrowed Ornaments. For Instance, his Fondness for Fable, a Thing, as it is defined, which has no Matter of Fact for its Foundation: How do you shine in this beautiful way of Writing, when you assert that no Man living is abused in the *Dunciad*, but such as have printed and published something against the Writings and Character of Mr. Pope? This is a Figure so much in his Style and Manner, that I should never hesitate to pronounce you and him the same Person, if I was not persuaded of the contrary by the following Reasons.

Every

Every Man who allows Mr. P. any share of Sense or Cunning, must think the *Dunciad* the Work of some Friend of his, who had more Zeal than Discretion: For is it to be imagined that he could have so little Address, as by making Mr. Theobald the Hero of a Poem, to give him such an Advantage as he has visibly received by it? We may suppose a satirical Work of this kind running thro' the Hands of Mr. P.—'s *hundred thousand Admirers*, swifter than a piece of serious Criticism can make its way, and consequently occasion some thousands of Questions about the Provocation which Mr. Theobald must have given to deserve this Usage; in answer to these, the Truth may and has come out, that Mr. Theobald has taken more Pains to understand *Shakespeare* than Mr. Pope cared to do: But sure Mr. P. must have had more wit in his Anger, than to do any thing which might revive a Controversy, which in the Judgment of all Connoisseurs he made so bad a Figure in.

Besides, not long since Mr. Pope has given it under his own Hand in the Postscript to the Notes upon the *Odyssey*, that he is no *Party-man*, and concludes with these remarkable Words, "My whole Desire is but to preserve the humble Character of a faithful Translator and a quiet Subject." That a Man should so suddenly shift Opinions grounded upon such deliberate Resolutions, I can't conceive; but I am sure that Speech is no way reconcileable to several Passages in the *Dunciad*.

Let us consider and compare together the two following Passages. The first is,

*Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ears of Kings.*

The

The other,

*Thy Dragons * * * and * * * shall taste
And from each Show rise duller than the last ;
Till rais'd from Booths to Theatres, to Court,
Her Seat imperial Dullness shall transport.
(Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure Fore-runner of her gentle Sway.)*

Whoever considers the Infination, which these last Verses contain, that *Harlequinades* and *Pantomimes* shall from Entertainments for the Rabble in Booths, become the Diversions of a Court, in Theatres, in such a manner as the Opera now is, must at the same time think of some Power able to make them so; but what that Power is, the Poet leaves Asterisks to explain: And it is clear enough to whoever understands the Measure of the Verse, and compares it with the Context, that the Blanks are to be filled with Names, which of all mortal Names ought to be the most Sacred, and the most exempt from any Ridicule in *English* Poetry. This is an Opinion that I must insist upon till the Poet clears himself by filling up the Blanks in this Place agreeable to the Context, and consistent with his Allegiance.

As in this place, to make the Passage Sense, it must be construed into *Royal-Scandal*, (as the Translator of *Homer* very wittily calls Slander against Royalty:) So in another place the Poet writes stark staring Nonsense, for the sake of a scurvy Reflection, which may appear more ambiguous,

*This, this is he foretold by antient Rhimes,
Th' AUGUSTUS born to bring Saturnian Times !
Beneath his Reign shall Eusden wear the Bays, &c.*

The

The Name of *Augustus* has been generally used with more Decency and Respect by our Poets, and they have a better reason for doing so now than ever. If any Prophecy can be shewn, or any Allusion to the Classics proved to justify the Use of this Word in this place, I will allow it may have no Malignance in it; but for my part I believe none such can be made appear: and I am of Opinion the *antient Rhimes* spoken of, are only intended as an Abuse of two Lines in the Prologue to the *Double Falsehood*, a Play set forth by Mr. Theobald. *When great Augustus fills, &c.*

There are several scandalous Hints of this Nature scatter'd thro' the Poem, which I won't explain, because they may escape common Readers; and I would not pleasure the Author so far as to give the factious Vulgar Occasions of admiring him more. These mentioned, I think are obvious: The use I make of them, is, to convince my self and the World, that Mr. P. did not write the *Dunciad*, for that would have been contrary to his Promise before cited.

Well then, a Word or two with you Mr. *Incog.* who, it seems, are the Author of this delicate Poem, and the Writer of its elegant Preface. I must take the liberty of making an Observation or two, and perhaps asking a few Questions before we part, which, I hope, you'll be so good as not to take amiss. In the first Page of the Preface you suppose your Friend equal, in point of Character, to a Minister of State; if you had any hand in the *Beggar's Opera*, as it is to be suspected you had, you may be justify'd in that Comparison; for certainly a Minister cannot be much more abused

bused by being compared to Mr. P. than by being liken'd to a common Thief, or a Thief-taker, as was before done in the Dramatick Satire. *And the Statesman because he's so great, thinks his Trade as honest as mine.* A little lower you observ'd, *That if a known Scoundrel is touch'd upon, it becomes the Cause of Scribblers, &c.* I know some People that want to be satisfy'd, whether your scurrilous Poem be not rather an Example drawn from that Rule, than an Exception to it.

The Town, you say, has been persecuted (one would rather imagine from what you said before, entertained) *for these two Months past, with Advertisements, Letters, and Weekly Essays, not only against the Wit and Writings, but the Character and Person of Mr. Pope.* Those Advertisements, &c. are all collected here for your Service; and to cure you of a mistaken Notion that they were all written against Mr. Pope; some of them, and I must needs allow, those that pleased least, were in his Favour: So that you are not, as you pretend, the first that appeared in his Defence; you were preceded in it by other Scribblers as dull as your self. His Friend the Doctor, whom you affect to forget, by way of Insinuation that you are he, has born his part of the Satire; I confess, I thought not without poetical Justice: For if he was not concerned in the Writing, he was the Person that prompted and instigated him to the writing of the *Profund*. And I own I often laughed at his Sufferings, for they recall'd to my mind these Verses from one of *Dryden's* Prologues, upon the *roasting* of a *Pope*, as the *Dunciad* very aptly expresses it.

The

*The Devil who brought him to the Shame, takes
part,
Sits Cheek by Jowl, in black, to cheer his Heart ;
Like Thief and Parson, in a Tyburn Cart.*

But you take it ill that the Character and Person of Mr. Pope are attacked. I confess I don't approve of that way of waging Paper Wars; but it ought to be inquired whether Mr. P. did not bring it upon himself, by being very particular in abusing other Men's Characters and Persons, both in the *Profund*, and his other Miscellanies. That Method may be justly taxed with want of Wit, but I think it behoves Mr. P. and you, to shew that you can support a Controversy without having recourse to Scurrilities of that kind; you had a fair Opportunity of doing so in your *Dunciad*, and if you had, you had persuaded more Readers of the Justice of your Cause, than ever you are likely to do as it is: but that you have neglected, and your own Behaviour is such, that your Mouths are eternally stopped, from exclaiming with reason, at the ill usage given you by your Adversaries. When Mr. *Theobald* began this Dispute, he laid down a Method of handling it, which if it had been followed, had saved some Persons several Fits of the Head-ache; not the least indecent Reflection, Word or Hint was offered to Mr. Pope through his whole Book. The only Crime committed was, his Impudence in supposing that Gentleman could be in the wrong in any thing. It deserved severe Vengeance, to suggest that Mr. P. of *Twickenham* had less Infallibility than his Name-sake of Rome. *Hinc illa lacryma!* Last Winter came out, in Answer to sober Arguments, the collected

Spite and Malice of two whole Years, in *Satires* and *Profunds*. I said somewhere before that Mr. P. had writ in his Anger; I beg his Pardon, for he must be a very bad Man, if his Anger always continues till his Wit comes out.

I have one serious Observation to make, and then I have done with your Preface. You suppose your self, as Author of the *Dunciad*, in peculiar Intimacy with Mr. P. and from thence boast a Knowledge of the most private Authors of all the anonymous Pieces against him. If one may guess from your Satire in the Poem, neither you knew them all, nor could he inform you; for I can take upon me to say, that several who have treated him as he deserved in Print, have escap'd your Chastisement, as others have fallen under your Displeasure, who have never been guilty even of an intentional Abuse upon him. I know also what has led him and you into such Mistakes; he has had the Weakness to converse, in some degree of Intimacy, with People whom he ought to despise, (so far, perhaps, he may be liken'd to a great Statesman) only because they acted for him in the Characters of Spies and Informers; and like true Lions, when they could not furnish him with real Intelligence, were obliged to keep up his Opinion of their Diligence by Conjectures or Inventions.

And now, Sir, to consider your Poem a little: Sure such a scurrilous, obscene, gross Piece of Ribaldry, was never before palm'd upon the World for an Imitation of *Virgil*: The *Cento* of *Ausonius* is chaste to it, and the Burlesque of *Scarron* delicate. The Piece that it can shew most Resemblance to, is, the *Mac Fleckno* of *Dryden*; but how far inferior to its Original, the World may judge upon

upon taking a View of that excellent Performance. A Satire upon Dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all Ages, and *Dryden* has turned it very pleasantly upon *Shadwell*, who had provoked him. Nothing is to be questioned but the Justice of the Satire; that is, Whether *Shadwell* had not as much Wit and Humour as ought to have preserved him from the Ridicule. But a Satire upon Poverty was a thing unknown to the poetical World; they never saw the Crime of it, till this refin'd Age. Neither the *Mævius* of *Virgil*, the *Cassius Severus* of *Horace*, nor the *Codrus* of *Juvenal* stand reproached with Poverty by those Authors: Yet it is not unlikely that a dull Poet should have been poor then, since we find in the Writings of the Antients, particularly the seventh Satire of *Juvenal*, that some good Poets were so; but in what manner does that excellent Satirist touch upon their Circumstances? Not as a Reproach to themselves, but as an indelible Scandal, and eternal Satire, upon their Patrons, the Noblesse of that Age, who suffer'd it. For the same reason, we see *Dryden* in the *Mac Fleckno* carefully avoiding such Reflections, tho' it is not improbable but the secret History either of *Fleckno* or *Shadwell* might have furnish'd him with occasions for using them. Or how easy had it been to have fill'd his Poem with a Rabble of the *Durseys* and *Settles* of his days, that none of his Jokes might be lost? But he acted more like a great Poet, and a Man of Wit and Breeding; Dulness was the Object of his Resentment, and *Shadwell*, his only Co-temporary, that seem'd to him incorrigible; for he mentions no others, unless it be with praise: Tho' if he had any Jealousy in his Temper, he must have fancy'd they did not all deserve that from him. In how different a manner does the Author of the *Dunciad* proceed? like

Almanzor he knocks down Friends and Foes, the Stranger and the Acquaintance fare alike in his Poem; but he chiefly dwells upon a Circumstance which nothing but Pride and Want of Conceit could have allowed him to mention. The Poverty of a Poet is proverbial and trite, the Clown and the Courtier use it alike; and it is so worn, that it is impossible for Paraphrase or Circumlocution to make any Jest out of it, that has even the Air of Novelty: Nor can it vex a Writer, it is so frequently in his Ears. Yet this, Sir, have you chosen to expatiate upon in the *Daniad*; a few Instances will serve to convince the World of your Poverty of Invention.

*Here in one Bed two shivering Sisters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.*

I am sure no body can say, that the Goodness of these Verses is an Excuse for the Reflection.

*Calm Temperance, whose Blessings those partake
Who Hunger and who Thirst for scribbling Sake.*

These Verses may pass among such as overlook the Prophaneness of them; but dear Sir don't they resemble a little too nearly the Travesty of the first Psalm?

She eye'd the Bard where Supperless he sat,

Mr. *Theobald* would give me no Thanks for assuring the World that he sits as seldom Supperless as the Author of this curious Line: But I am sure if any Thing be due to Merit, he deserves a better Fate.

Where

Where yet unpawn'd much learned Lumber lay.

I know it will be taken for a Complement, when I say, that not only the Head, but the Study of the Author of the *Dunciad* is pretty clear of every Thing that looks like *learned Lumber*.

— *The Suit which Settle wore*

(His only Suit) for thrice three Years before.

New that ! and very excellent in its way !

Like the vile Straw that's blown about the Streets,

The needy Poet sticks to all he meets.

Here's a Man that professes himself a Poet, yet treats the Character of a Poet, which perhaps is all that intitles him to keep Gentlemen's Company, with a Freedom that ought to instruct them what Value is to be put upon his Qualification. But pray Sir, why so cruel upon Poverty ? Do you think you serve your Friend by it, who, perhaps may be rich ? If you measure by the Scale of Morality, you will find him a better Man, who dares be poor and honest, than he that gets an Estate by Begging, Whedding and Caballing : those are Methods in the power of every witty Man, but no ingenuous Man will stoop to them.

Another Common Place of Wit, very judiciously omitted by Mr. Dryden, is the way of attacking Men upon personal Defects. 'Tis true, he does in four Lines of *Mac Fleckno* describe *Shadwell's* Person, but it is to make the Reproach upon his Understanding the stronger. The Lines are these :

Nor

*Nor can thy mountain Belly make pretence
Of Likeness, thine's a Tympany of Sense.*

*A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of Wit.*

The Reader will observe that the Point is upon *Shadwell's Sense and Wit*; but I would be glad to know how the following Lines of the *Dunciad* concern the *Wit* of the Characters described, or whether they be Reflections upon any one's *Sense* but their Author's.

*All as a Partridge plump; full fed and fair—
With pert flat Eyes she window'd well his Head.—*

In the first Line the Reproach is for being tall and handsome, a Reproach natural enough in the Mouth of a little ugly Fellow. In the second, *pert*, that is, lively Eyes are a Fault. Nature would have given the Author of the *Dunciad* more Liveliness about his Eyes, if she had not intended to shew thro' those Organs the Dulness and Malignity of his Soul.

And each ferocious Feature grim with Ooze.—

Lo H—s fierce, and M—s cruel Face.—

I should be glad to know how those Lines affect the Understandings of the Persons described, or why a Man should be a Duncie, barely because he is not handsome. I am sure, Sir, you will have no just cause of Complaint, if by these Proceedings you draw some of those Men upon your Friend's Back.

The Filthiness and Obscenity of your Poem, I leave to the Correction of other Criticks; for I am
hear—

heartily tired with the dirty Rubbish I have already gone through, and can proceed no farther. And now Sir, I humbly take my leave, recommending this Collection to your Patronage. I won't warrant them all to be to your liking, but can say that even the worst was meant well: They are the Works of sundry Hands, and some of their Authors can plead the common Excuse of being dull by Design. Few have intended them as lasting Monuments of their Resentment, but all are satisfied in the visible Proofs of their giving a present Smart, without being displeased at the Thoughts of their leaving no Scar behind. The Publick has been pretty favourable to most of them in their first Publication, but I think their general Character is better described in the well known Lines of *Martial*:

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis hic, aliter non fit, Avite, Liber.*

I am, SIR,

An Admirer

Of your *profund* Parts

and Accomplishments, &c.



(111)

heartily tried with the only result I have already
gone through and can proceed no farther. And now
Sir, I humbly take my leave, recommending this
Collection to your Patrons. I would warrant
them all to be to your liking, but can say that
even the worst was meant well. They are the
Works of sturdy Hangers, and some of them are
those that pleased the common People of being done
by it. I hope few have the need of such as having Mo-
narchs of their Religion, but others fastened
in the noble Protestants, and others in the
without being disturbed at the hands of their
leaves the General. The Publick has been pretty
invented to make it known in the most Publick
that I think that several Churches is better
detected in the well known Lines of History.

That I have just now made in the last place
of the Collection, I have the honor to be
Your Obedient Servant

I am, Sir,

An A. M.

Of your Obedient Servant

and George, Esq.



C

From



and
been
that
Pam
this



A Complete
COLLECTION
 OF
Verses, Essays, &c.

From the British Journal, Nov. 25. 1727.

To the AUTHOR.

S I R,



T was not till lately that I met with two Volumes of *Miscellanies* (as they are call'd) in Prose and Verse; tho' I find by Enquiry that they have been some Months published. When I looked them over, and found that much the greatest part of them had been already printed in one Volume, Octavo, and that all the rest were either very common in single Pamphlets, or in old Collections, and compared all this with the Greatness of the Price those Books

B

bore,

bore, I began to fancy that it was some Bookseller's Fraud upon the Publick, and indeed was not a little suspicious of my old Friend in the *Strand*: But when I cast my Eye over the *Preface*, I was strangely surprized to find it sign'd with the great Names of *J. Swift* and *A. Pope*. The latter of these Gentlemen, I had heard, had been often concerned in such kind of Jobbs, and hired out his Name to stand *Centinel* before the Inventions of Booksellers; but the former, I had always observed, was very cautious of prefixing his Name even to such of his own Works as were published by himself: Therefore having a Curiosity to know what could prompt him to join the other in so *reputable a Piece of Journey-work*, I read over the *Preface*; upon which I must take the Liberty to make the following Animadversions.

The first Thing we meet with here (and indeed half the Work is taken up with it) is a Page or two of severe Satire upon Booksellers, particularly one *Edmund Curll*. I won't enter into the Occasion or the State of the Controversy, or the Strength of these Gentlemens Raillery and Reasoning; but is it not truly pleasant to see two of the greatest Genius's of our Age *set their Wits* to a paltry Bookseller?

*Egregiam vero laudem, & spolia ampla refertis,
Una, dolo Divum, si Famina victa, duorum, est.*

Says *Virgil's Juno* upon a similar Occasion; which, I think, with respect to the Transaction before us, may be thus translated:

*Your Triumphs, O ye Bards, proclaim, and all your
Flags unfurl,
For Doctor Swift and Mr. Pope have conquer'd
Edmund Curll.*

Henceforward let no little Under-Wits disdain to write against *Curl*, if he provokes them, (as I have known several give themselves such Airs) since the two Leaders of the Muses Bands have put their Names to a Libel against him. Rejoice therefore, O *Edmund Curl*, and let thy Gladness know no End, since thou hast had the Honour to be satirized by the same Pens, which have been employed in lampooning the Duke of *MARLBOROUGH* and Mr. *ADDISON*.

In the next place, some Adversaries, which the Prefacers formerly had, fell a-new under their Resentment. They talk of having received the greatest Provocations, and triumph in the Fall of their Antagonists, whose Works are now forgotten. Whoever these Adversaries were, 'tis my Opinion they remember their Works as well as our Authors can pretend to forget them; and if they had known or practised the little Arts of Authorship, the World might be brought to recollect them also. It is an easy Matter to keep the dullest Stuff alive by the Art of multiplying Impressions, which consists only in the Variation of Types, Title-Page, Size and Paper. Mr. *Curl* is so great a Master of this, that I don't wonder at his falling under the Resentment of such People as intended to make a Monopoly of it.

But while these Gentlemen are professing all the Candor imaginable in page 9. the natural Acrimony of their Tempers appears in this, that they cannot conclude the Paragraph, without by one Stroke abusing two great Characters; the one a Man of Wit, Mr. *Congreve*, whom they can have no reason to be angry with, except that he excels them; the other a Man of Quality, a Secretary of State, whom I won't presume to name, from whose excellent Character I cannot conceive any reason for their Malice.

In page 13. and other places of the *Preface*, these Miscellanies are call'd by the Authors, not *Works* or *Labours*, but *Diversions* and *Amusements*. If I mistake not, the greatest part of them are political inflammatory Pamphlets. Is it for a Divine or a Christian, to treat such Matters so lightly? Is not this (like the Man in the *Proverbs*,) to scatter Firebrands, Arrows and Death, and cry, "Am I not in Sport?"

If any Thing can be more impudent than this, it is the Assertion in the next Paragraph, that all these Writings are *innocent*, &c. The first Pamphlet in the Book was professedly written to divert the Justice of the Nation from falling upon some great Men, who were impeach'd by the House of Commons in the last Year of King *WILLIAM's* Reign. If the Design of it had been to shew their Innocence, I could readily grant the Affirmation of these Authors; but it is palpably to charge the Representatives of the Nation with Folly and Injustice, to prove that such Proceedings would in the End be the Ruin of our Constitution, and that the Liberty of the Commons was a Way to introduce Tyranny, and destructive of the Rights of the People. But Opinions which are only *Amusements*, may be easily shifted; therefore *John Bull* is written: And is not this an innocent Pamphlet? Yes truly, for it only put the Nation into as great a Ferment as Dr. *Sacheverel's* Sermon. Gentlemen-Prefacers, the Frogs in the Fable will tell you, that *this may be Sport to you, but it is Death to us.*

In p. 14. it is said of those Writings, that "they are *Ours*." Whose in the Name of God? are they *all* the Doctor's and *all* the Squire's? for there is no Mark to distinguish one Author's from t'other's thro' the whole Books. But it seems they are such good Friends, that they are satisfy'd to share all the Blame as well as Praise of each other's

other's Works. I am glad of this for two Reasons; first, because whatever I have said of either may serve for both, which is some trouble saved; and secondly, because it is a Proof of their Insincerity, when they pretend to call them *Trifles* and *Idlenesses*: for whatever a Man may do by his own *Amusements*, he would never father what he really thought the *Follies* of another.

We are told in the same Paragraph, that the World "ought in Justice to believe they are all that are *Ours*." How can this be? This is a Bite upon the Bookseller, who, from the first Period of the *Preface*, we have reason to believe has bargain'd for a *third* Volume. A third Volume is there promised; and in p. 15. "all the *Papers* in which we have had casually any Share." Then may the World expect to see some of the Poison so plentifully scatter'd about in the *Examiners*.—*More innocent Amusements!*

But to crown all Absurdities, in the last quoted Page, two other Gentlemen are introduced to help to father those Writings, in the same manner as above: I won't name those Gentlemen, because it does not appear to me, that they own the Bantlings; but the Devil's in it if ever Children were so well father'd. *Dryden's* Multiplicity of Godfathers, with which he is reproached by a good-natur'd Author that shall be nameless, is not half so ridiculous. This Number of Fathers puts me in mind of a *Roman* Strumpet, who being asked who was the Father of a Child she went with, answer'd very merrily, and perhaps truly, *Senatus, Populusq; Romanus*.

But, enough of this. If it be asked what Provocations I have received, that I should undertake to treat two such Men so very freely, I can give as good an Account as they do, because I give it in their own Words. P. 10. "Some Sallies of
"Levity

"Levity ought to be imputed to Youth, (supposed
 "in Charity, as it was in truth, to be the Time in
 "which we wrote them;) Others to the Gaiety
 "of our Minds at certain Junctures, common to
 "all Men." To which I will only add, that it is
 not unlikely, by the Time I have arrived to either
 of their Ages, I shall repent of this kind of Petu-
 lance as *sincerely as they do.*

I am, *S I R,*

Yours, &c.

~~~~~

*From the Daily Journal. March 18. 1728.*

*To the Author.*

*S I R,*

**U**PON reading the Third Volume of *Pope's*  
 Miscellanies, I found five Lines which I  
 thought excellent, and happening to praise them  
 afterwards in a mixt Company, a Gentleman pre-  
 sent, immediately produced a modern Comedy,  
 publish'd last Year, where were the same Verses,  
 almost to a Tittle. I was a good deal out of  
 Countenance to find that I had been so eloquent  
 in praise of a Felony, and not a little in pain lest  
 I my self should be understood to be an Accomplice.  
 The Lines are these; the Subject, a Coquette.

~~~~~

*A Youth of Frolicks, an Old Age of Cards;
 Fair to no Purpose, artful to no End;
 Young without Lovers; old without a Friend:
 A Fop, their Passion; but their Prize, a Sor;
 Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!*

But

But my Confusion was vastly aggravated, when the same Gentleman, pursuing his Triumph, turn'd me to the Discourse at the Head of the 3d Volume, where the Author of these admirable Lines is ingeniously liken'd to a Frog in Poetry: *One that can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to Admiration; that lyes generally in the Bottom of a Ditch, and makes a great noise whenever he thrusts his Head above Water;* and is placed in this Class between Mr. Edward Ward and Mr. Thomas Durfey.

If every Man who is, with equal Dulness, abus'd in that Piece, had contributed an equal Proportion to the Miscellany, instead of its being represented as a Fraud on the Publick, it might have prov'd an agreeable Amusement. But these Gentlemen are resolv'd to be Originals in some Kind or other, and are undoubtedly the first Plagiaries that pretended to make a Reputation, by stealing from a Man's Works, in his own Life-time, and out of a publick Print. In their manner of treating him, they resemble our ordinary Foot-pads, who never rifle a Man without abusing him; as tho' they meant to make out their Title to his Money, by proving to him, that he was not worthy of it.

I am, S I R,

Your most Humble Servant.

PHILO-MAURI.



From

From the Whitehall Evening-Post.
March 21. 1728.

AN EPIGRAM.

LEN. WELSTED, by his rhiming knack;
 Brought many Foes upon his Back;
 Long two dread Champions' Weight did feel,
M—L and MORRICE BEZALEEL:
 When now, a Case most cruel hard!
 Comes to their Aid the *Twickenham* Bard,
 And at his Hand, fell Sight to meet!
 A Man in Black, with cloven Feet:
 What Murthers hatch'd! what Plots between
 The *Marmozette* and dingy Dean!
 But Courage, LEN, all true Hearts hope
 Thou'lt scour the Devil and the POPE.

From the London Evening-Post. March 21.
1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

Observing your Paper to be much in vogue
 with People of a polite Taste, I desire you'll
 insert the following Letter, which will oblige your
 constant Reader.

St. James's Coffee-house,
March 20.

To the Author of the Daily Journal.

S I R,

HA V I N G in yours of *March 18*, inform'd the Publick of a flagrant Piece of Plagiarism in the last Volume of *Pope and Swift's Miscellanies*; I desire you will add a much more considerable one in wrong of the same ingenious Gentleman. I see no Reason why you should suppress the Name of Mr. J—— M—— S——, to whom this Injury has been done; or not cite the Comedy of the *Rival Modes*, where those five excellent Verses are to be found: But I must now further acquaint you, Sir, that the whole Piece, intitl'd, *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, in the Second Volume of that Collection, has to my knowledge above two Years ago been own'd by Mr. S—— in several Companies. And I am certainly inform'd that another admirable Piece, call'd, *An Historico-Physical Account of the South Sea*, which he has yet in his hands, would (if these Authors could any way have procur'd it from him) have as infallibly been published as their own in the said Collection.

I doubt not many other impudent Plagiaries of this nature may, and will yet be discovered, and I earnestly wish to see these Jackdaws stripp'd of all their borrow'd Plumes; not so much really as a *Philomauri*, or *Philomaurus*, but as what I subscribe my self, a *Lover of Truth*.

It may be some Proof of this, when I confess, that the Letter *M* (among the Initials in their Discourse of the *Profound*) does not seem to me, as it did to him, to stand for *Smythe*, unless an *S* were added; and that when they styl'd *Tom Durfey Gentleman*, they should style Mr. *Smythe Esquire*, by way of Eminence as an Author, seems to me

C

but

but a vain Supposition. I am, as you see, without
Respect of Persons, but with real Impartiality,
Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

Philaethes.



From the London Evening-Post, March 26.

1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

YOUR inserting mine of the 20th last past encourages me to give you this farther Trouble : I then told you I could not persuade my self with *Philo-Mauri* (as that exact Latinist styles himself) that in the 28th Page of the *Treatise of the Profund* the single Letter *M.* stood for *Mr. Moore Smythe* : But I am now fully confirm'd to the contrary, having received from a very intelligent Person a Key to that whole Line of Initials, which it may be worth while to communicate.

E. W. J. M. Esq; T. D. Gent. E. Eusden, W. Welsted, J. Johnson, M. Mitchell, Esquires, T. Tate, D. Dursey, Gentlemen.

One of these ingenious Persons, *Mr. Welsted*, has thought fit to own his Acceptance of the Character in the *Whitehall Evening-Post* of Thursday last ; and it is plain that each Letter means a different Surname by the full Stops betwixt each ; whereas when they imply both Christian and Surnames, they have no such full Stop ; as in page 26. *L T. W P.* *Mr. Lewis Tibbald*, and *Mr. William Patison*.

The

The truth is, I fear *Philo-Mauri* was acted by the Spirit of Resentment, since I find soon after the Letters *P. M.* which notwithstanding, the Stop between, may stand for two such joint Names as *Philo* and *Maurus*; and this is also a further Sign, that the Authors would not have put *J. M.* only, but *J. M. S.* for *James Moore Smythe, Esq;* I am,
Sir,

Your Obligated Servant,

Philaethes.



From the Daily Journal, March 29. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

LOOKING over the Discourse prefix'd to the Third Volume of *Miscellanies* lately publish'd, I observ'd it to conclude with an ironical Project for the Advancement of the Stage: After the ingenious Authors have, with a good deal of labour'd Dulness, described a ridiculous Society, govern'd by a Board of six super-annuated Criticks, who are to meet in a *Privileged Place*, for fear of *Arrests*; who are to be provided at the *Publick Expence*, with *Diet-Drink, Spitting-Pots, and all other Necessaries of Life*: In order to be very smart at the End, they throw in the following Paragraph.

" If some of the Articles may at first View seem
" liable to Objections, particularly those that give
" so vast a Power to the *Council of Six*, (which is
" indeed larger than any intrusted to the great
" Officers of the State:) This may be obviated

" by swearing those *Six Persons* of his Majesty's
 " *Privy Council*, and obliging them to pass every
 " thing of Moment *previously*, at that most Ho-
 " nourable Board."

What should be the Thoughts of the Publick upon this occasion, I won't pretend to dictate; but I remember *Homer*, whose Works one of these Gentlemen has undertaken to do into *English*, when he describes *Thersites*, (a Man much inclined to rail at all, but most at his Betters) scurrilously reflecting on the Wisdom of the *Grecian Councils*, he at the same time thinks it not beneath the Gravity of *Ulysses* to reprehend his Insolence. *Ulysses*, the greatest Statesman among the *Greeks*, rises with Indignation at his Behaviour, gives him immediate Chastisement, and threatens, if he takes any more such Liberties,

To send him scourg'd and howling thro' the Fleet,

as Mr. Pope has, with great Propriety and Happiness, express'd it.

It must be own'd indeed, that *Thersites* deserved this Treatment, if the Picture of him in the *Iliad* be just; no Punishment was too scandalous or severe for him: But I hope there is no such Monster now living, as Mr. Pope has drawn in the following Lines.

*Aw'd by no Shame, by no Respect controll'd:
 In Scandal busy, in Reproaches bold:
 With witty Malice, studious to defame;
 Scorn all his Joy, and Laughter all his Aim,
 But chief he glory'd with licentious Stile,
 To lash the Great, and Monarchs to revile.
 His Figure such as might his Soul proclaim;
 One Eye was blinking, and one Leg was lame:*

His

*His Mountain Shoulders half his Breast o'erspread,
Thin Hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen Head :
Spleen to Mankind his envious Heart possess'd,
And much he hated All, but most the Best.*

I am Yours, &c.

From Milt's Weekly Journal, March 30.

1728.

An Essay on the ARTS of a Poet's Sinking in Reputation; being a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry.

He Tibi erunt Artes : ———

Facilis Descensus. Virg.

——— All unawares,

*Flutt'ring his Pennons vain, plum-down he drops
Ten thousand Fathoms deep. Milt.*

I TAKE it to be a mighty Symptom of Benevolence in my Temper, that if any Scheme be started tending to the Good of my Countrymen, I find an Aptitude in my self to supply; and help it out, by any necessary Improvement. It is with this laudable View I suffer my self to read all modern Productions : And as I have lately met with a Treatise, which promises to be of singular Use and Instruction, *Περὶ Βαθους*, or, Concerning the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*; it immediately occur'd to me, That this Piece was defective in one point, which I flatter'd my self I might supply, *to wit*, in not pointing out the *Art of a Poet's Sinking in Reputation.*

A

A Supplement of this Sort (and I have endeavour'd to make it more properly an *Appendix*, by all along copying the *Stile*;) seem'd essential to a *Tract* so calculated for Instruction. For as all the mistaken Writers in the *Sublime* have endeavour'd to rise in Reputation, their well-judging Rivals, the Disciples in the *Profund*, must labour to sink in it proportionably. Nor can this ever take place in general Practice, but by first being reduced into an *Art*; and ^a *by proposing such a Scheme as may facilitate this great End*. I will venture therefore to lay down such a Set of Rules, as, I hope, may establish a good tolerable *Sinking Fund*.

Now the first thing to be consider'd by a ^b *Low-land Proficient*, is, that as Reputation is twofold, *moral* and *poetical*; to avoid all Confusion and Impediment, let him deeply stick to the latter, and suffer the *moral* to be quite absorb'd in the *poetical*. And as ^c *POETRY is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain*, ^d *poetical Evacuations* must be necessary: ^e *from whence it follows, that a Suppression of the very worst Poetry would be of dangerous Consequence*. (Forgive me, for being obliged to talk like an *Apothecary* upon this Subject.) Let him therefore frequently practise ^f *a Discharge of the peccant Humour in exceeding purulent Metre*. And that the *Depth* of his Genius, like that of an *Irish Bog*, may make his Writings so *unsound*, that none, but who are *native* to his Qualities, may be able to tread over the same Ground with him; it will be convenient, at the most favourable Opportunities, and as the particular *Streams* and *Vapours* of *Constitution* are most predominant, that he throw out frequent Compositions in the three different *Stiles* of the *Vituperative*, the *Prurient*, and the *theistical*.

^a *Art of Sinking, &c.* p. 71.
^e *Ibid.* p. 13.

^b *Id.* p. 6.
^f *Ibid.*

^c *Id.* p. 12.

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^s *Id.*
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p. 17.

theistical. For ^g the Man, who is violently fond of the profound *Wit*, must make it an indispensable Rule with him ^h to sacrifice to that *Passion* his Friend, his Modesty, or his God, or any other transitory Regards. Nor will it be amiss in him, particularly, when he finds himself stimulated to the *Prurient* in any Performance, that he inscribe it to a ⁱ *Patroness* of unquestion'd *Virtue*. It will be needful again, that his *Volatility* should be so wild and ridiculous, as to want the Excuse of a Summer-Month for it; and then, like a *Bleak* bit by the *Worm*, he may skip above his *Element*, and the World be able to account for the Occasion. When he is himself, and the regular Man, his *Flights* will be, as they ought, consequently downwards, and he will express a decent *Alacrity* in *Sinking*.

Again, as the great *Credit* of *Sinking* in Reputation may depend much on ^k the *Weight* of the Student's *Writings*, and the *Velocity* of his *Judgment*, let him lay out some of his *Faculties* upon publishing such Authors as he has least studied, and are most liable to miscarry under his *Mismanagement*: In revising which, let him forget even to ^l discharge the dull *Duty* of an *Editor*; and shew such a *Velocity* of *Judgment* in the Execution, as may, without any Strain, be mistaken for *Ignorance*. Whenever he is bent upon, or sollicitated to, such a Project, let him generously lend the *Disadvantage* of his Name, (for a good competent Sum of Money, tho') to promote the *Discredit* of an exorbitant Subscription.

For as ^m it is chimerical to write for *Posterity*, ⁿ (which affords a Solution, why common Sense hath been totally despised by the greatest modern Authors;) his Eye

^g *Id.* p. 21.
the Lock.

^h *Ibid.*
^k *Art of Sinking, &c.* p. 6.

Shakespear in 4to.

p. 17.

^m *Art of Sinking, &c.* p. 11.

ⁱ *Dedication to the Rape of*

^l *Presf. to*

ⁿ *Id.*

Eye ought to be turn'd towards * *the lucrative parts of Poetry; and Gain, or Profit, must still be remember'd to be the principal End of his Art, and the whole End of such Writers.* Whenever, therefore, he has the good Luck to start his Game, let him^p *be sure to run it down, and, which is more wonderful, afterwards pursue it as far as it can go.*

Now as Gain, or Profit, is to be the main Object of his Studies, it might be no bad Expedient, if he should undertake a Book in his own Name by Subscription, and get a great part of it done by Assistants: Tho' I should not advise this Experiment too often, lest any of the extraneous Parts should unhappily ascend to the Sublime, and retard the Declension of the whole Mass.

Nor would it at all impede his Progress in Sinking, tho' he should take it into his Head to descend into Homer, (let the World wonder, as it will, ^q *how the Devil he got there;*) and pretend^r *to do him into English;* so his Version denote his Neglect of the Manner how. As for Example; when he meets with *ὁς μάλα πολλά πλάγχθη*, it will be well that he should remember, there is *mala* in Latin as well as *μάλα* in Greek; and that the Sameness in the Sound ought to produce a Sameness in the Sense; and therefore by a happy Jumble of Ideas, let him render it, *Long exercis'd in Woes*, tho' it really signifies, *One who was a great Wanderer.* And to make the Blunder the more conspicuous, let him throw in a^s *Note to shew it the Intention of his Heart;* and then fall upon poor Horace for not having made the same Blunder he has done; and then redouble his Blunder, and shew that Horace has in another place made the same Blunder, by rendering it, in his Sense, *aspera multa pertulit.*

But

* Id. p. 11, 12, 77, 85. ^p Id. p. 47. ^q *Miscellanies*, 3 Vol. p. 130. ^r *Art of Sinking, &c.* p. 65. ^s See the Beginning of the first Book of the Odyssy.

But lest it should be thought easier for a Man to step out of his Depth in *Greek* than in *Latin*, or his Mother-Tongue; let him be sure, at all Times, not to stand diffidently upon the *Sense* of any Passage, but to ^t wrest Constructions for the sake of a Sneer, and ^u force to his own Purposes the Thoughts of others. Nor will it be a bad Art so to disguise what he quotes from others, that he may be fairly said ^w to bury their Gold in his own Dunghill.

The poor Dabblers in the *Sublime* have been mark'd out for a paltry Affectation of *thinking properly*, and *expressing* in such a Manner, as has excited their Successors to emulate them; but it would ill become a *profund* Writer to be so precise and servile. Let him rather fetch up Conceptions and Phrases from his own inimitable *Abyss*: Let his Expressions depart from known *Idiom*, and common Understanding, so that he may talk of—^x *referring exactly the Mold*;—of ^y *applying his whole Time upon*;—and that, ^z *nothing is of equal Consequence, as*—In short, let his Happiness be to invert the Order of Nature; and not to imagine that particular Words must be confined to explain particular Things and Ideas. In the *Vegetable* World, let him esteem *Weeds* beyond *Flowers*, and therefore call ^a *Flowers the lowest of Vegetables*: In *Dramatics*, let him call the *Intermedes* of a Play, its ^b *Interludes*: In *Painting*, a ^c *Toad* or a *Small-Pox*, *Still Life*; and in *Musick*, the ^d *Stops* of an Organ, its *Registers*. If the People of a bad Cast should pretend to suspect a Glimmering of Error in this, and gently expostulate the Doubt with him; let him, above all Things, keep strictly to the Reverse of this *Teren-tian* Admonition, *Is ne erret, moneo*; & *desinat la-cessere*: That is, let him continue to blunder on, and

^t *Art of Sinking*, &c. p. 11.^u *Id.* p. 41.^w *Id.* p. 39.^x *Id.* p. 44.^y *Id.* p. 73.^z *Id.* p. 76.^a *Id.* p. 63.^b *Id.* p. 90.^c *Id.* p. 25.^d *Id.* p. 75.

grow *scurrilous*. For I had almost forgot to hint, that a Professor of the *Profund* must have his ^e *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*; in which as there must be *Loci*, or Places, for other Materials, so it must have a large *vituperative Partition*.

Nor will it be of bad Effect to his *sinking* Character, that he should push upon the World three new Miscellany Volumes of *old* and *second-hand* Wares. For this will furnish such an Opportunity of indulging a pretty *lurking Spleen*, that he may make as good a Figure as Don Quixote cutting and flashing at the whole Community of *Puppets*, from the *Emperor* down to the meanest of his *Life-Guard*.

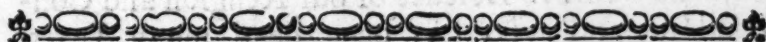
And I would advise him, in the tenderest Regard to his good Name, that, when he is in high Pleasure with himself, and has a hearty Contempt for all his Fellow-Writers, he should, in Pride of Heart, and ^f *wrapt round and sanctified* with his own Circumstances, throw out a *sarcastical* Good Nature and Compassion, and wish ^g one Poet a *Dinner*, and another *out of Debt*. For this will give a *favourable* Impression of his meaning well *inwardly*. And, in these Fits of *Altitude*, like the *Arch-Fiend* in *Milton's Pandemonium* (tho' he should not be quite so tall in his own Stature;) let him do what he can to *swell*, and *dilate*, and *extend* himself in *Thought*; and, putting in his Pocket the ^h *casting Weight* that *Pride* adds to *Emptiness*, take two or three Handfuls of *Scurrility* out of his *vituperative Partition*, and fall to scattering odd Names all round him; and ⁱ the better to give the *Pictures* of those he despises to the Reader, now by merry *Metaphor* turn them into Fish, Flesh, and Fowl; as ^k *flying Fishes*, *Swallows*, *Ostridges*, *Parrots*, *Didappers*, *Porpoises*, *Frogs*, *Eels*.

^e *Id.* p. 74. ^f *Miscellanies*, 3d Vol. p. 130. ^g *Id.*
p. 129. ^h *Id.* p. 131. ⁱ *Art of Sinking*, &c. p. 26. ^k *Id.*
p. 26, &c.

Eels and Tortoises; and then again into Reptiles and inanimate Trifles, as ¹*Grubs, Worms, Hairs, Straws and Dirt*; and then call them, ^m*Word-catchers, Routers of Triplets, Restorers of ed, Pidlars, Things, Creatures, Wretches, Ribalds or Scoundrels.*

I hope, this *Synopsis* contains such Rudiments for establishing an *Art of sinking in poetical Reputation*, that whoever is happy enough to put them faithfully into Practice, may be as certain of finding when, and how far, he shall succeed, ⁿ as *the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleased at any Theatrical Entertainment, from the whole Audience hissing.*

If any body can communicate more Rules of the like Importance, the Service of the Publick demands them. For my own part, I have attempted to sketch a Plan from the known Example and Precedent of an eminent Professor, ^o to my best Judgment, with more Labour than I expect Thanks, and without any Indulgence to my private Sense or Conjecture.



Form the Daily Journal, April 3. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

I Have by Accident seen in an obscure Paper, something intended as a Vindication of a certain Passage in a Miscellany, lately published by *Pope and Company*, which I could wish were made more publick, by being transferred into yours; for I can see no Reason why the Company should

¹ *Miscellanies*, 3d Vol. p. 130, &c. ^m *Id. ibid.* ⁿ *Art of Sinking*, p. 90. ^o *Pref. to Shakespeare in 4to.*

be more ashamed of their Defence, than they were of their Crime.

These Gentlemen attempt to persuade us, that sometimes a Parcel of Letters together, are to be received as the Initial ones of *Sur-Names* only; then again the first Letter is to be construed the Initial one of the *Christian Name*, and the second of the *Sur-Name*; by the Use of which they may either make their Court to their Bookseller, by a new Edition, or level their Satire at any fresh Author, who shall dare to offend them. Now, Sir, it happens to be exactly the same thing to me, whether *A. P.* signifies *A. Pope*, or *A. Philips*, either in regard to the said Letters, or their Author's Fame, as Writers.

I shall therefore wave this and other little Subtleties, not unworthy the Reporters of the Case of *Stradling and Stiles*, and observe, that the Piece which the Company seems to have been in so much pain about, viz. *The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, was a very dull and unjust Abuse of an excellent Person, who wrote in Defence of our Religion and Constitution, and who has been dead many Years. These *Memoirs*, when they were first handed about in Manuscript, gave so general an Offence, that so far from any Fear of their being robbed of them, it was generally expected that a certain Led Poet, maintain'd by the Company for that Purpose, would be order'd to own them.

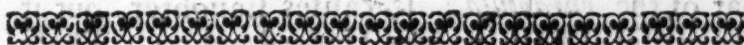
The other admirable Piece, as the Gentlemen are pleas'd to think it, call'd, *An Historicophysical Account of the S. Sea*, was a Work of the same Merit: It was generally thought by all who had the Honour of the Company's Confidence, to be worth no more than so much blotted Paper, and as improper to be printed as their Familiar Letters, or the *Travestie* of the *First Psalm*. It is no wonder, therefore, if a Trifle of this Nature was treated with

with no more Regard than was due to it, and thrown carelessly up and down till it was lost. But whether such an Accident can be called an intended Plagiarism, or whether theirs can be called an accidental one, in publickly taking to themselves an *Epigram* of the late Mr. Rowe's, singly upon the Merit of putting one low and foolish Word into the Title of that *Epigram*, must be determin'd by the Publick. Thus, Sir, between what these Gentlemen own, and do not think fit to write; and what they write, and do not think fit to own; the Town has more Trouble than the Question is worth.

The Gentleman who wrote the Letters sign'd *Philaethes*, having but little *Greek* to spare, it would be unjust to rob him of any of it; I will therefore subscribe my self,

Yours,

Philo-Ditto.



From the Flying-Post, April 4. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

UPON reading a Letter from a Lad in the Country, to his Father in *London*, to buy him a *Common-Prayer-Book*, a *Scapula's Dictionary*, a *Writing-Book*, and a *Gulliver's Travels*; I could not help making the following Reflections.

The Divine who wrote the Travels of *Gulliver*, is not, it seems, content with turning the Heads of Men, Women and Children, in the present Age; he

he has prepar'd for Posterity Lessons for the *Art of Trifling*, and employing their Time and Thoughts upon *Nothing*. The pious Dean has done what in him lies to render *Religion*, *Reason*, and common Sense ridiculous, and to set up in their stead *Buffoonry*, *Grimace*, and *Impertinence*, and like *Harlequin*, carries it off all with a *Grin*. The Fellows that appear'd on a Stage at *Old Brentford*, to make Mouths for a *Pudding*, were of the same kind of Wits. They made the People laugh, and *Gulliver* does no more. The merry Author began with a *Tale of a Tub*, in which he made a Jest of every Religion in Christendom. He afterwards endeavour'd to joke us out of our Constitution in the Reign of his good Friend *Harley*, and now he is endeavouring to turn Reason into Ridicule, and put a *Fool's Coat* upon *Wit*. He has us'd his Readers so to Grinning, that they can't bring their Faces into shape again, and are asham'd of *sober Thinking*, as it is with this Parson, a mark of Ignorance, Stupidity, and *Sinking*. However, his best Quality is no better than that of the *Tarantula*: It causes Laughter, but it also causes Death to the Understanding. These Things, as little as they appear to be, are likely to have no less ill Effect, than to render the Minds of his Admirers as full of Trumpery as the Inside of a *Raree-Show Man's Box*; at which I shou'd not have been provok'd to trouble my self so much about him, if this same Dean *Gulliver* had not pick'd up in his Travels, a decrepid, diminutive *Lilliputian Poet*, whom he has plac'd by his Side on the Throne of Wit; an Empire to which they have just as much Right as their dear King at *Bologna* has to his Majesty's; which will be further made out in a very little while, and that these two Tyrants in Wit, are really just two such Monarchs as King *Phyz* and King *Ush*, in the *Rehearsal*.

From

From the London Evening-Post, April 4. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

THE kind Reception given by the Publick to some late Discoveries in the Papers of the Plagiaries of *Swift*, *Pope*, *Arbuthnot*, and their Accomplices, have encouraged me to proceed in my Search, the Effects of which I desire you to publish in the following Instances.

We whose Names are signify'd by the following initial Letters do declare,

1. That the Authors have been heard to confess, that an *Epigram* on *Handel* and *Bononcini*, printed in the last Volume of *Miscellanies*, did not belong to any of them.

2. That the *Ode on the Longitude* has been for many Years, and in our Hearing, frequently own'd, and sung, by a Reverend Clergyman.

3. That the *Prologue* to Mr. *Durfey's* last Play was written at *Button's* in a publick Room, by several Hands.

4. That the *Eclogue* on the *Messiah* so long printed as Mr. *Pope's*, was at its first Appearance in the *Spectator* publicly claim'd by a Gentleman of *St. John's College, Cambridge*, (now a Reverend Clergyman also.)

5. That the same learned Person hath divers Times acknowledg'd himself to have had no small part in the Translation of *Homer's Iliad*, which passes wholly for Mr. *Pope's*; and that several Witnesses can be produced from *White's* and *St. James's*, who know Mr. *Ger*—— to have had a considerable Share in the said *Iliad*, and in the *Rape of the Lock*.

—To

—To all these Assertions we are ready to make Oath if called upon; and will be heard of at Mr. Lincoln's whensoever any of the Gentlemen injur'd will put in their Claim. J. H. J. C. L. S. J. E.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

Philalethes.

From the Daily Journal, April 5. 1728.

Notice is hereby given,

To all Lovers of Art and Ingenuity,

THAT the following Collection of such uncommon Curiosities as never were yet exhibited in any publick Auction, belonging to a noted Person at *Twickenham*, who has been long since advised to leave off his Business, may be view'd there any Day in the Month of *April* Instant.

Qui non credit hodie, cras credat. Ex Auto. T. R.

1. A Curling Spire — *freely touch'd.*
2. A frighted Sky — *Copy from the Great Blackmore.*
3. A Silver Sound — *harmoniously sketch'd.*
4. An awkward Grace — *after the Manner of Settle.*
5. An ambrosial Curl — *entire.*
6. A nectar'd Urn — *historical.*
7. Adamantine Lungs — *as good as new.*
8. A Vermilion Prore — *Dutch.*
9. A many-colour'd Maid *Flemish.*

10. A Triple Dog ——— *the Romish School.*
11. A singing Spear ——— *a Copy from Blackmore.*
12. A quivering Shade ——— *somewhat shook in stretching.*
13. A dancing Cork ——— *with great Spirit.*
14. A sequestred Scene ——— *still Life.*
15. A Velvet Plain ——— *after Brughell.*
16. An Oozy Bed ——— *Water Colours.*
17. A Liquid Road ——— *perfectly new.*
18. A Branching Deer ——— *Capital.*
19. A Feather'd Fate —
20. A Leaden Death — } *These two go together.*
21. A Pensive Steed ——— *an undoubted Original.*
22. A winged Wonder ——— *from the Dutch Gabriel.*
23. A living Cloud ——— *after the Life.*
24. A brown Horror
25. A blue Languish } *both very capital.*
26. A Self-mov'd Tripod. *after the Blacksmith of Antwerp.*

N.B. The Gentleman's Nurse, who us'd to show the above-mention'd Collection, being lately deceas'd, Attendance will be given only in a Morning.



From the Flying-Post, April 6. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

SINCE I read your last *Fly*, I made a Visit to a Friend of mine, who is a Lover of Letters, and saw a Manuscript on his Table, which I had the Curiosity to look into; and finding the following Remarks in it on the Degeneracy of the Taste of the present Age, I prevailed for Leave to

E

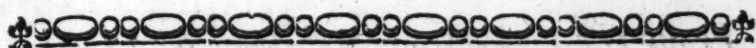
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transcribe part of it, and send it to you, tho' 'tis to anticipate the Pleasure which the Publick will shortly receive from a Treatise of the *Art of Rising in Poetry and Eloquence* : Wherein the Excellence and Use of P——'s *Art of Sinking* is particularly examin'd.

" 'Tis to be fear'd, we must content out selves
 " with what good things we have already in *polite*
 " *Learning*, and that we shall have but few or no
 " Supplies from the Genius, Judgment, and Taste
 " of the present and coming Age ; for which one
 " cannot help having a Concern, tho' we foresee
 " but a small part of the Degeneracy which fu-
 " ture Writers and Readers will certainly fall in-
 " to. Indeed we are rather precipitating our
 " selves, than falling into it. What a Precipice
 " is it from LOCKE's *Human Understanding*,
 " to Swift's *Lilliput* and *Profundity* ! What another
 " from the *Plain-Dealer*, or *Love for Love*, to
 " *Harlequin*, or the *Beggar's Opera* ! Had we stum-
 " bled only on a *Trip to the Jubilee*, or a *Lady's Vi-*
 " *siting-Day*, there might have been some Hopes
 " of rising again. But we sink now like Ships
 " laden with Lead, and must despair of ever reco-
 " vering the Height from which we are fallen. It
 " has been observ'd of the Genius of the *Romans*,
 " that 'twas, like what is said of the *Oak*, a hun-
 " dred Years in growing, a hundred Years in Per-
 " fection, and a hundred Years in decaying. Our
 " *Genius* was not a hundred Years in growing,
 " reckoning from *Spenser* to *Milton*. It might be
 " said to be an hundred Years in Perfection from
 " *Waller's* first Poem to *Addison's* last : But from
 " *Tonson's* *Miscellanies* to *Pope's*, from Sir *William*
 " *Temple* to his Chaplain *Swift*, is a melancholy
 " Prospect of the Precipitation which Posterity is
 " threaten'd with, both in Wit and Language.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis too well known, that the Generality of
 " Readers had rather be amus'd than instructed;
 " and therefore sober and ingenious Writers have
 " invented pleasant Fables to join Instruction with
 " Amusement: But for Authors to tell frivolous
 " Tales, purely for telling-sake, to collect Trifles
 " by Volumes, to deal by their Readers as fond
 " Mothers do by their Children, and give them
 " Toys and Gewgaws, instead of Lessons useful
 " for Life, is wicked, if done with Design to cor-
 " rupt their Understandings; and if done with no
 " Design, idle and impertinent, unbecoming the
 " Character of a Man, and much less that of a
 " Divine and a Dignitary. He makes no con-
 " science of putting off adulterated Wit for true,
 " tho' 'tis perhaps a greater Cheat than passing
 " Counters for Guineas, or *Wood's* Copper-Money
 " for Gold."



From the Daily Journal, April 8. 1728.

WE hear that a certain *Company of Insects*,
 commonly call'd the FLIES of PARNASSUS,
 having lately appear'd at TWICKENHAM, and great-
 ly infested the Country round; it is projected, for
 the publick Benefit, that one of the distinguish'd
 FROGS of HELICON, shall make a Voyage to the
 said Place of Contagion, on purpose to devour
 them.

Extract from the Senator, of April 9. 1728.

———For an Author to write below himself, and to *sink* at once in Wit, Learning and Reputation, was so unavoidable a Consequence of much writing, that a certain Knot of eminent Wits, perceiving within themselves the Symptoms of this fatal Necessity, had lately invented a Project for eluding the Melancholly and Severity of the Destiny, by humourously erecting it into an *Art*; the Truth, Certainty and Excellence of which, they have very successfully demonstrated by various Instances, in their own subsequent Labours.

From the Daily Journal, April 9. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

SINCE the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, however fashionable, as to the *Practice*, was never, so *physically*, reduc'd into *Theory*, as in a late notable Performance; it is pity, the Fame of a Merit so extraordinary, shou'd be divided, between two Authors: I am, therefore, for giving the DOCTOR his Due; whose remarkable Humility has prevented his adding another Species, to his Nine Distinctions of Profundity.

His *Flying-Fish*, *Swallow*, *Ostridge*, *Parrot*, *Dapper*, *Porpoise*, *Frog*, *Eel*, and *Tortoise*, are admirable Originals, in their Kind; but I cannot forgive his Modesty for omitting the MONKEY. — The Doctor's

Doctor's Right, to *One in Ten*, is what no *Orthodox Muse* will deny him : So, I hope, in his next Edition, we shall see the Rear of his *Catalogue* brought up by the following Paragraph.

" 10th, The Sum of *all These*, in *One*, is the
 " *Monkey* :— Of a Genius, so *social*, that, tho'
 " it is the *busiest little Animal in Nature*, it does
 " nothing, but in *Mimickry* of others.—This is
 " a light, and lively, Species :— They neither *fly*,
 " *walk*, nor *crawl* ; only *skip*, from Posture to
 " Posture, sometimes on *two Legs*, like a *Man*,
 " but oft'ner on *four*, like a *Beast*.—They are
 " *active*, without *Purpose*, and *merry*, without
 " *Joy* ; ever *chattering*, *making Mouths*, *biting*,
 " *scratching*, and *doing Mischief* : But are generally
 " *chain'd short*, for the *Diversion* of their *Feeders* ;
 " and *smil'd at*, and *pass'd by*, by every body else,
 " who comes near them."

At the Close of this Paragraph, if his *known Bashfulness* cou'd be prevail'd on to avow the Claim of his *particular Merit*, he wou'd write *J. S.* in Capital Letters.—It is true, He wou'd *stand alone* : But the World will be far from wondering, they find No-body in *Rank* with him.

For my part, ambitious of a Place in his *Miscellany*, I most humbly present what follows, for the Honour of his Approbation.

The DEVIL'S LAST GAME.

A SATIRE.

S A I D Old Nick to St. Michael, You use me but
 ill,
 To suppress all my Force, and restrain all my Skill ;
 Let me loose at Religion, I'll shew my good Parts,
 And try, if your Doctrine can balance my Arts.

'Tis

'Tis a Match, cry'd the Angel, and drew off his Guard,
And the Devil slipt from him, to play a Coat Card.

The first Help he sought, was a *qualify'd* Mind;
That had *Compass*, and *Void*, for the Use he design'd.
There occur'd a *pert Nothing*, a Stick of *Church-*
Timber,

Who had *Stiffness* of *Will*, but his *Morals* were
limber :

To whom *Wit* serv'd for *Reason*, and *Passion* for *Zeal*;
Who had *Teeth* like a *Viper*, and *Tail*, like an *Eel*.
Whose *Taste* was *sincere*, and whose *Friendship*
Pretence,

Who supply'd Want of *Merit*, by Store of *fine Sense* :
Wore the *Malice* of *Hell*, with a *Heavenly Grace*,
Of *Humour* enchanting, and easy of *Face* :
His *Tongue* flow'd with *Honey*, his *Eyes* flash'd
Delight ;

He despis'd what was *wrong*, and abus'd what was
right :

Had a *Knack* to *laugh luckily*, never *thought twice*,
And, with *Coarseness* of *Heart*, had a *Taste* that was
nice.

Nature form'd him malignant, but, *whetting* him fast,
He was *edg'd* for *Decay*, and too *brittle* to *last*.
He wou'd quarrel with *Virtue*, because 'twas his
Foe's,

And was hardly a *Friend* to the *Vice*, which he *chose* :
He cou'd love nothing *grave*, nothing *pleasant* for-
bear ;

He was always in *Jest*, but was *most* so, in *Prayer*.

Lord be prais'd, quoth the *Devil* !—A *Fig* for all
Grace !

So, he breath'd a new *Brogue*, o'er the *Bronze* of his
Face :

Lent him *Pride* above *Hope*, and *Conceit* above *Spleen*,
Slipt him into *Church-service*, and call'd him a *DEAN*.
From

From the Flying-Post, April 13. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

IN my last I sent you a few Lines out of a Manuscript Treatise, written by a Friend of mine in *Prose and Verse*, wherein are some Touches on the two Wits who have lately set up themselves as Tyrants of *Parnassus*, without having the least Title to that Empire, unless it be an Hereditary one from *Ogilby* and *L'Estrange*——Among the Poetry I met with these Verses in an Epistle to a Friend, on *True Wit and False Wit*.

*What think you of those Wits who run adrift,
'And fall on Friend and Foe by turns, like S——t ?
Who in one Tub's so wicked and so quaint,
And in his other Tub so rare a Saint ;
Who as a Wit at all Religion fleers,
And always as a D——n so staunch appears ;
Who, when a merry Tale he is pleas'd to tell,
Can sport with Heaven, and make a Jest of Hell ?
Fine Wit ! Nor wants it much to be as fine
As Don Quevedo and the Libertine.
Thus Monkeys, let them Gown or Jacket wear,
Grin always, and their Tails are always bare.*

Again the Author is speaking of aukward Raillery.

*But want of Breeding Part, and Part a want
Of Wit, occasions their Recourse to Cant.
To ridicule a Sot and rally right,
An Artist with a Smile conceals his Spite.*

Smooth

*Smooth are his Words, his Thoughts no Choler raise,
 He wounds with Flattery, and kills with Praise.
 Men of good Sense know when to frown or smile,
 And with their Subjects change their Thoughts and Stile.
 But to be always Grinning is a sign,
 Howe'er in Tune without, he is not within.
 And though the Laugh is loud at what he says,
 'Tis such a Laugh as Apes and Ideots raise.*

There are many more Lines on the same Subject, and some Pages on *Gulliver's Colleague*, the *Undertaker of Homer*; out of which I shall at this Time only transcribe what follows.

On one of the Admirers of that Translation, who said, *There was a great deal of Wit in Homer.*

*Homer is full of Wit : There is not more
 In the Old Batchelor, or in Jane Shore.
 Right ; very Right ; why don't you go the Round,
 And Idyl, Ode, and Elegy confound ?
 The main Mistake is there ; and which is which
 You know no more than of the Parts of Speech.
 In Homer d'ye admire the Grand Design,
 The Marvellous, the Moving, the Divine ?
 Is it the Fable or the Moral charms,
 The Kings in Quarrels, or the Gods in Arms ?
 Is it the sounding Words and Thoughts sublime,
 Or the smooth Verse, the pretty Turns and Rhime ?
 For what are you in Love with Homer ? speak,
 And own the Wit is English, and not Greek.
 If Greek it had been, I shou'd have look'd about
 To know how P—— or you cou'd find it out.
 A hundred Comments are on Homer writ,
 A hundred Versions which those Comments fit.
 And he who such an Author can't command,
 Must neither Greek nor English understand.*

Some

Some will observe that Ladies have admir'd
 His Epic Strain, and been like P—— inspir'd.
 And why not Ladies, pray, as well as Beaus?
 Their Favour farther than their Money goes.
 When Homer was the Fashion, who I pray
 To be first in't had more Pretence than they?
 Urge not that Beaus, and Men of Beauish Parts;
 Know more than Ladies of the finer Arts.
 'Tis rude; if Phœbus was to judge the Case,
 He'd give the Question to the fairest Face.
 Both Beaus and Belles the fav'rite Poet bribe,
 And neither lack much Learning to subscribe, &c.

The Laughters will doubtless be tir'd with such
 grave Work as this is; and to please them, we
 shou'd present them a Picture of Poet Gulliver, and
 his Brother King; which may be done in due Time,
 and the two Figures will be the best Representa-
 tives of the Lilliputian and the Brobdnaggian, which
 he has describ'd in his Travels.



From the Daily Journal, April 16. 1728.

A Copy of Verses, said to be omitted, by
 Accident, in the Last New Miscellany.

AT a Court, that was call'd, t'other Day, in the
 Air,

By the good Guardian Angel, who holds us in Care,
 The Genius of Mischief, in sullen Disdain,
 Made his Honours, and frown'd, and took Leave to
 complain.

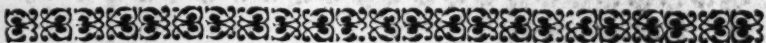
Is it thus, said the Dæmon, You, heavenly Blades,
 Keep your Word, with us, Envoys, L--H--ps of the
 Shades?

F

Vow'd

Vow'd you not, in Revenge for the Sins of this Land,
 To allow us free Licence, and hold back your Hand?
 Yet, unmindful of Us, or the Promise we claim,
 See us frighted to Fairys, at one little Name!
 See the Graces, and Muses, and Virtues, combin'd,
 To unite Beauty, Wisdom, and Force, in one Mind;
 Nay, in Hate of our Leader, resolv'd, not to cease,
 Till you raise us a Foe, that can charm Hell to Peace,
 You, to make him more dreadful, and widen his Scope,
 Give him musical Magick, and christen him Pope.
 All alarm'd, at his Verse, we have Right to complain,
 Lest England shou'd, soon, be Old England, again.
 There's Attraction, you know, in a Poet, like This,
 That can tempt the whole World into Virtue, like His.

Never fear, cry'd the Angel,—my Promise once given,
 You are safe, for this Time, from the Outguards of Heaven;
 Pope is gelt, in his Youth, for his Countrymen's Crimes,
 And his Lustre dim'd down, to the Dusk of the Times:
 God sent Pain, and Impertinence, Wit to controul,
 Gave the Devil his Body, and bid Swift take his Soul.



From the Daily Journal, April 23. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

I desire you to give a Place in your Paper to the following, written by a Gentleman to his Friend.

Dear Sir,

YOU have often wonder'd, when my opinion has been asked of the Writings of a certain popular Poet, why I seem'd so unwilling to pass my Judgment on them: Had I deliver'd my real Senti-

Sentiments, I knew I should not be thought so well of by some particular Persons as I desire to be; and if I had commended them, I had spoke a Language foreign to my Heart. To censure a Writer, with a design to convince the implicit Admirer of his Error, you are sensible more is required than a true Taste in ourselves, a Force of Reason is necessary.

I am persuaded that they who have not yet got over the prejudice of Custom, need but read the Treatise of the *Profund*, or the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, to conceive the greatest Contempt of the Author or Authors of it. I shall in this Letter confine myself to Mr. *Pope*; for tho' all that elaborate Heap may not be his, it is to be suppos'd, that in Works in which more than one are concerned, nothing passes without the Approbation of each Party.

I shall not pretend to carry my Remarks thro' every Chapter, but from three Passages point out the extraordinary *Gratitude*, *Modesty*, and *Learning* of that Gentleman.

1. " I cannot but congratulate our Age on this peculiar *Felicity*, that tho' we have made indeed great Progress in all other Branches of *Luxury*, we are not yet debauched with any *high Relish* in Poetry, but are in this one Taste less nice than our Ancestors. Chap. 2." Who would imagine that this is the only Man that has made his Fortune by his Writings! I am almost ready to think he has arriv'd to a Sense of his own Merit, and intended this as a Satire on his profuse Subscribers, who contributed so largely to him, while other Authors of greater Merit were neglected.

2. " A Footman speaking like a Philosopher; and a fine Gentleman like a Scholar. Whoever is conversant in *modern Plays*, may make a most noble

" noble Collection of this Kind. Chap. 5." Who cannot see that he here sily aims at his Friend *Congreve*, a Gentleman that has never run into an Abuse of other Authors. The Character of *Jeremy*, in *Love for Love*, may possibly be a little too forced, but I hope *Valentine* is not less a Gentleman for being a Scholar; I fancy if Mr. *Pope* were one, he would find his Learning no Disadvantage to his other Accomplishments. I know nothing that could have recommended this Gentleman to the Abuse of Mr. *Pope*, but having either detected his Errors, wrote better than himself, or been his Friend; which, I could venture to make appear, might be his Reasons for every Person we find in the *Profund*, except such as *Tom Durfey* and *Ned Ward*, who are not introduc'd for their own Sake, but the more to lessen an ingenious Gentleman who is plac'd betwixt them.

The third, and last Passage, which I shall now take Notice of, is this; speaking of *Tropes* and *Figures*, he says,

3. " We cannot avoid giving to these the *Greek* and *Roman* Names; but in Tenderness to our Countrymen and Fellow-Writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those Languages, we have also explain'd them in our own Mother Tongue. Chap. 10." I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten Verses together in any Book of *Homer*, with Justice to the Poet; and yet he dares reproach his Fellow-Writers with not understanding *Greek*. In reviewing the Character of *Thersites*, in the 2d Book of the *Iliad*, from Verse 211, beginning with these Words, *ἄλλοι μὲν ῥέζοντο*, and ending with these *ἄγαμέμνονα νεῖκεε μύθῳ*, Verse 224, I find Mr. *Pope* has un-

unluckily mistaken a very good Character of Humour for a Wit. He tells us *Thersites* was,

With witty Malice studious to defame,
and likewise that

— *he glory'd with licentious Style*
To lash the Great, and Monarchs to revile.

But *Homer* speaks otherwise of this Creature; the Sense of his Words, from which these of *Mr. Pope* are translated, is this; *He was Master of many Words to Excess, and would wrangle with the Princes rashly and with no Grace.* If *Homer* had intended to draw a Wit, he would not have let him wrangled without any Grace; for such, and no other, I do assure this Translator, is the Meaning of *οὐ κατὰ νόμον*. I should have imputed this Mistake of witty (and indeed *Malice* has nothing to do there) to Carelessness, had not *Mr. Pope* taken pains, in two Notes, to confirm his Error: He says in the Note to Verse 255, *Our Author has shewn great Judgment in the Particulars he has chosen to compose the Picture of a pernicious Creature of Wit: And in the Note to Verse 326, on the Soldiers expressing their Joy for Ulysses rebuking Thersites, he says, Military Men have not naturally the greatest Kindness for a Wit.* What could induce this Wag to run so much on Wit! In short, Sir, if you will give yourself the Trouble to read over again the Character of *Thersites* in *Homer*, and *Mr. Pope*, you will find almost one half of the latter no Translation, and the other Parts but faint Glimmerings of his Author's Meaning; besides some in the *Greek* passed over by him. You know, Sir, the Character of *Thersites* is that of a deformed Wretch,

His Figure such as might his Soul proclaim,

As *Mr. Pope* observes, by Way of Paraphrase; for the Sense of this Line is not to be found in the *Greek*.

Greek. His peculiar Cast of Mind is seen, in his being of a restless, malignant Temper, always growling at, and wrangling with, his Superiors, but without a Spice of Wit, and one that would take a Kick or a Cuff without Resistance: And this is Humour. And, though not so designed by the Person in whom it is, cannot be beheld without creating Mirth in the Spectator; and to me this is the best of Humour for Comic Poetry, how consistent with the Epic, I leave to Mr. Pope and his Friends to debate; for the Ridiculous is not only creative of Laughter, but answers a moral End; for the Spectator, if he has the least Spirit of Intuition, immediately looks into himself, to correct such Vices or Follies, if they are in him, as are the Subjects of Ridicule in the Comedy: But all this is out of Mr. Pope's Way.

I shall in my next give you a Translation of that ridiculous Character of *Thersites*, which, I believe I may venture to say, will not be reckon'd the worst, while Mr. Pope's is remember'd.



From the Flying-Post, April 23. 1728,

I.

I Sing a noble Ditty
Of London's noble City,
Whose Wits are all so witty
That common Sense can't reach 'em.
There's D'Anvers, S—, and P— Sir,
With whom no Men can cope Sir,
And if they cou'd, we hope, Sir,
They'll yield to Polly Peachum.

II. The

II.

*The Dean's a fine Mercator,
 And P—— a fine Translator,
 The Squire a Calculator,
 And Poll too has her Talent.
 To know what Trade and Coin is,
 No Man like the Divine is,
 And Sawny's Wit as fine is
 As Polly's Gay and Gallant.*

III.

*Squire D'Anvers has his Merits,
 He Roger's Gifts inherits,
 And gives his Masters Spirits,
 When Polly scarce can raise 'em.
 These four in strict Alliance
 Most bravely bid Defiance
 To Virtue, Sense and Science;
 And who but needs must praise 'em!*

IV.

*The Dean his Tales rehearses,
 The Poet raggs his Verses,
 The Squire his Flams disperses,
 And Poll her Parts has shewn;
 They thus all Humours hit, Sir,
 The Courtier, and the Cit, Sir,
 And they are both so bit, Sir,
 The like was never known.*



From

From Miss's Weekly Journal, April 27.
1728.

S I R,

AS you have inserted several Letters of mine upon *Shakespeare*, which did not come immediately from me, if you think the following Letter may concern the Publick enough to deserve a Place in your Journal, by inserting it next *Saturday*, you will oblige,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant.

LEWIS THEOBALD.

Dear S I R,

YOU desire to know why, in the general Attack which Mr. POPE has lately made against Writers *living*, and *dead*, he has so often had a fling of Satire at me. I should be very willing to plead Guilty to his Indictment, and think as meanly of myself as he can possibly do, were his Quarrel altogether upon a fair and unbiass'd Motive. But he is angry at the Man; and, as *Juvenal* says, — *facit Indignatio Versum*. In my Attempts to restore *Shakespeare*, I had laid open some Defects of his Edition. I endeavour'd in my Book to treat him with all the Deference and Tenderness, that the Circumstance would bear; and no body, I think, has impeach'd me of the least Failure in this Point.

But

But to set any Thing right, after Mr. *Pope* had adjusted the whole, was a Presumption not to be forgiven! *Hinc illa Lacryma.* That I have been right, in the Main, in my Corrections, is pretty well agreed on my Side: And I am almost apt to think, Mr. *Pope* has been of the same Opinion; or he would have shewn them *trifling*, and *impertinent*, by a Confutation; unless it was beneath him to enter the Lists with so weak an Adversary.

Instead of a Reply, or a Justification of his own Indolence, his Resource is to *railing*: or as it were, (after the *French* Manner of punishing, when a Criminal is out of their Reach) to hang me up in *Effigie*. But I forgive his *arch* Talent of *picturing*: He shall represent me as an *Eel*, or a *Swallow*, a *Grub*, or a *Worm*; or in any other form of Ridicule, that may serve to allay a future Fit of *Spleen*. If *Infirmity* may be thrown off by such pretty Exercise, his wayward Humour shall have the full Scope of Calumny. But as he has been pleased to reflect on me in a few Quotations from a *Play*, which I had lately the good Fortune to usher into the World; I am there concern'd in Reputation to enter upon my Defence. There are three Passages, you'll observe, in his *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which he endeavours to bring into Disgrace, from *Double Distress*, as he calls it: I suppose, he means *Double Falshood*; for that is the Title of the Play published by me. I should have expected from some others, that, when they were upon the Business of finding fault, they should not have committed even *such* an Error. But 'tis meer *Word-catching*, and beneath a great Genius to be *exact* in any Thing.

One of these Passages, alledg'd by our critical *Examiner*, is of that Stamp, which is certainly to determine me in the Class of his *profund* Writers: For a genuine Writer of the *Profund* will take care never to *magnify* any Object without *clouding* it at

the same Time. The Place, so offensive for its Cloudiness, is this.

————— *Th' Obscureness of her Birth*
Cannot eclipse the Lustre of her Eyes,
Which make her all one Light.

I must own, I think, a Man needs be no great *Oedipus* to solve the Difficulty of this Passage. Nothing has ever been more common than for Lovers to compare their Mistresses Eyes to Suns and Stars. And what does *Henriquez* say more here than this, That tho' his Mistress be obscure by her Birth, yet her Eyes are so refulgent, they set her above that Disadvantage, and make her all over Brightness? Now wherein is this Thought either so wonderfully magnified, or clouded? The only Obscurity, that I can yet find in the Passage, is in Mr. Pope's clouding it by *misunderstanding*. For if he will take a simple Description of *Beauty* to be the Description of a *Lady at Dinner*, as he is pleased to do here, there is, indeed, something of the *Bæotian Fog* in the Case. I remember another Rapture in *Shakespeare*, upon a Painter's drawing a fine Lady's Picture, where the Thought seems to me every whit as much magnified, and as dark at the first Glance.

————— *But her Eyes, — — —*
How could he see to do them! Having done One,
Methinks, it should have Pow'r to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd.

This Passage is from the *Merchant of Venice*; and if the Examiner will not allow it to be dark, I'll venture to produce another out of the same Play, that, I believe, every body will agree to be so.

Grat. *My Eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as yours:*
You saw the Mistress, I beheld the Maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd for Intermision.
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you.

If I did not know a little more of *Shakespeare*, than Mr. *Pope* has yet convinc'd the Publick that he does, I should, from some such Instances, take him for a very cloudy Writer. It were worth something, methinks, to know what Ideas Mr. *Pope* had of *Gratiano's* loving for *Intermission*. Surely, he will hardly persuade us, that *Intermission* here means for want of something else to do, because he would not stand idle. By a proper Variation in the Pointing, and a very short Comment, I'll undertake to clear up the Clouds of this dark Place ; and thus it must be corrected, before it can be understood.

Grat. My Eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as yours ;
 You saw the Mistress, I beheld the Maid :
 You lov'd ; I lov'd : (For *Intermission*
 No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you.)

i. e. For, in a Love-Adventure, I could no more stand out, no more be idle, or unactive, than you. But Self-Defence, and not Correction, was the Design of this Epistle ; so I'll proceed to his second Observation, and see how hard that will bear upon me.

Another of the Passages which Mr. *Pope* is pleased to be merry with, is in a Speech of *Violante's* ;

Wax ! render up thy Trust. —

This, in his *English*, is, open the Letter : And he facetiously mingles it with some other pompous Instances, most, I suppose, of his own Framing ; which in plain Terms signify no more than, See, who's there, Snuff the Candle ; Uncork the Bottle ; Chip the Bread ; to shew how ridiculous Actions of no Consequence are, when too much exalted in the Diction. This he brings under a Figure, which he calls the *Buskin*, or *Stately*. But we'll examine Circumstances fairly, and then we shall see which is most ridiculous, the *Phrase*, or our sagacious Censurer.

Violante is newly debauch'd by *Henriquez*, on his solemn Promise of marrying her : She thinks, he is

returning to his Father's Court, as he had told her, for a short time; and expects no Letter from him. His Servant, who brings the Letter, contradicts his Master's going for Court; and tells her he's gone some two Months Progress another Way, upon a Change of Purpose. She, who knew what Concessions she had made to him, declares her self, by Starts, under the greatest Agonies; and immediately, upon the Servant leaving her, expresses an equal Impatience and Fear for the Contents of this unexpected Letter.

To Hearts like mine Suspence is Misery.

*Wax! render up thy Trust. — Be the Contents
Prosperous, or fatal, they are all my due.*

Now Mr. Pope, to shew us his profound Judgment in *Dramatical Passions*, thinks a Lady in her Circumstances cannot, without Absurdity, open a Letter that comes to her on Surprize, with any more Preparation than the most *unconcern'd* Person alive should a common Letter by the *Penny-Post*. I'll beg leave to put him in mind of two Passages in *Shakespeare*, in both which the Poet has, upon opening Letters, prefaced the Action with the like Address to the *Wax*. The first is in *King Lear*, where *Edgar* having, in Defence of his Father, kill'd *Goneril's* Steward, searches his Pockets for Papers, and finding a Letter, breaks it open, with this Introduction.

*Leave, gentle Wax; and Manners blame us not;
To know our Enemies Minds, we rip their Hearts;
Their Papers are more lawful.*

The other is in *Cymbeline*. The Princess *Imogen*, whose Husband is banish'd, has a Letter from him brought to her by her Servant *Pisano*. The poor Lady, whose Love makes her afraid that her absent Lord may either not be in Health, or discontented at his Exile, prays, neither of these may be the Case, and breaks up the Letter with somewhat more Solemnity.

——— Good

————— *Good Wax, thy Leave.*
Blest be you Bees, that make these Lacks of Counsel!
&c.

I am aware that Mr. Pope may reply, his Caviil was not against the *Action* it self of addressing to the Wax, but to the *exalting* that Action in the *Terms*. In this Point I may fairly shelter my self under the Judgment of a Man, whose Character in Poetry will vie with any Rival this Age shall produce. Mr. DRYDEN, in his Essay on *Dramatic Poesy*, tells us, "That when, from the
 " most elevated Thoughts of Verse, we pass to
 " those which are most mean, and which are com-
 " mon with the lowest of Household Conversation;
 " yet still there is a Choice to be made of the best
 " Words, and the least vulgar, (provided they be
 " apt,) to express such Thoughts. Our Language
 " (*says he*) is noble, full, and significant; and I
 " know not why he, who is Master of it, may
 " not cloath ordinary Things in it, as decently as
 " the *Latin*, if he use the same Diligence in his
 " Choice of Words."

I come now in the last Quotation, which, in our *Examiner's* handling, falls under this Predicament, of being a *Thought astonishingly out of the Way of common Sense*.

Nought but himself can be his Parallel.

This, he hints, may seem borrow'd from the Thought of that Master of a *Show* in *Smithfield*, who writ in large Letters over the Picture of his Elephant, *This is the greatest Elephant in the World except himself*. I like the pleasantry of the Gentleman's *Banter*, but have no great doubt of getting clear from the Severity of it. The Lines in the Play stand thus;

*Is there a Treachery like this in Baseness,
Recorded any where? It is the deepest:
None but it self can be its Parallel.*

I am not a little surpriz'd to find, that our *Examiner* at last is dwindled into a *Word-catcher*. Literally speaking, indeed, I agree with *Mr. Pope*, that nothing can be the *Parallel* to it self; but allowing a little for the Liberty of Expression, does it not plainly imply, that it is a Treachery which stands single for the Nature of its Baseness, and has not its Parallel on Record; and that nothing but a Treachery equal to it in Baseness, can parallel it? If this were such *Nonsense*, as *Mr. Pope* would willingly have it, it would be a very bad Plea for me to alledge, as the Truth is, that the Line is in *Shakespeare's* old Copy; for I might have suppress'd it. But, I hope, it is defensible; at least, if Examples may keep it in Countenance. I remember a piece of Nonsense just of the same Stamp, in the *Amphitryo* of *Plautus*; *Sofia*, having survey'd *Mercury* from Top to Toe, finds him such an exact Resemblance of himself, in Dress, Shape, and Features, that he cries out,

—— *Tam confimil' est, atq; Ego.*

That is, *He is as like me, as I am to my self*: For the Syntax must be help'd out thus: — *atq; Ego sum mihi.* Now I humbly conceive, in Strictness of Expression, a Man can no more be like himself, than a Thing be its own Parallel. But to confine my self to *Shakespear*: I doubt not but I can produce some similar Passages from him, which, literally examin'd, are stark Nonsense; and yet, taken with a candid Latitude, have never appear'd ridiculous. *Mr. Pope* would scarce allow one Man to say to another, “ Compare or weigh your
“ Mistriss

“Mistress with your Mistress, and, I grant you,
 “she’s a very fair Woman: But compare and
 “weigh her with some other Women that I could
 “name, and the Case will be alter’d.” Yet the
 very Substance of this is said by *Shakespeare* in *Romeo*
 and *Juliet*; and *Mr. Pope* has not degraded it as
 any Absurdity, or unworthy of the Author.

*Pho! pho! you saw her fair, none else being by;
 Her self poiz’d with her self in either Eye:
 But, &c.*

Or what shall we say of the three following Quo-
 tations? And, I am sure, I could match them
 with Threescore of the same Stamp.

*Romeo and Juliet. — Oh! so light a Foot
 Will ne’er wear out the everlasting Flint.*

*Winter’s Tale. — For Cogitation
 Resides not in the Man, that does not think.*

*Hamlet. — Try what Repentance can, What
 can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?*

Who does not see at once, that the *heaviest* Foot
 that ever trod, could not wear out an *everlasting*
Flint? Or, that he, that does *not think*, has *no*
Thought in him? Or, that *Repentance* can avail no-
 thing, when a *Man* has *no Repentance*? Yet let
 these Passages appear with the *casting Weight* of Al-
 lowance, the *Licentia sumpta pudenter*, as *Horace*
 calls it; and their Absurdity will not be so extra-
 vagant, as when examined by the literal *Touchstone*.
 But it is high time to conclude.

If *Mr. Pope* is angry with me for attempting to
 restore *Shakespeare*, I hope the Publick are not.
 Admit my Sheets have no other Merit, they will
 at

at least have this: They will awaken him to some Degree of *Accuracy* in his next Edition of that Poet, which we are to have in a few Months: And then we shall see whether we owed the Errors of the former Edition to *Indiligence*, or his *Inexperience* in the Author. And as my *Remarks* upon the whole Works of *Shakespeare* shall closely attend upon the Publication of his Edition, I'll venture to promise without *Arrogance*, that I'll then give above *five hundred* more fair *Emendations*, that shall escape him and all his *Assistants*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

From the Daily Journal, May 11. 1728.

To the Author.

S I R,

I Desire that you would give the following Discourse a Place in your Paper, as soon as you can with Convenience, which will oblige,

Your Humble Servant,

A. B.

AS *Longinus* in treating of *Sublimity* is himself often *sublime*, so *Alexander P——* has writ of the *Profund* with the utmost *Profundity*, and is himself a perpetual Example of that *Absurdity* and that *Stupidity* for which he gives vain and impertinent Rules. His *Example* alone makes all *Rules* superfluous. He who can but come to copy his
Jargon,

Jargon, and his *No-meaning*, will be sure to sink to the lowest Bottom of Profundity. He will be what *A. P.* is in his Treatise of the *Profund*; that is, what a *Viper* is in Winter, cold and creeping, and stupid, and venomous.

The Stupidity of the vilest Scribbler was never so notorious, as *A. P.*'s in the 6th Chapter of his Treatise, where he makes use of the initial Letters of Authors Christian and Surnames; and in one place, of the initial Letter of the Christian Name, and the initial and final Letter of the Surname; and all this so very impertinently, that one and the same Author is compared to very different Creatures, whose Natures, and Forms, and Qualities, are, in some of these Creatures, contradictory to those of others. *C. G.* in the 26th Page is called a *Flying-Fish*, and in the 27th a *Porpoise*. In the 26th Page *L. T.* is a *Swallow*, and in the 28th an *Eel*. In the 27th Page *L. W—D* is a *Di-dapper*, and in the 28th an *Eel*, as the Cloud in *Hamlet* is sometimes like a *Weazel*, and sometimes like a *Whale*. But neither the initial nor the final Letters of these Authors Names, nor their Persons, nor their Actions, ever gave any such Ideas to any Mortal, unless to this little whimsical Creature. But now let us see if we cannot turn this very Method with a little more Success upon *Alexander P.* For let us only do by him, what he has done by *L. W—D*, in his 27th Page, that is, take the initial Letter of his Christian Name, and the initial and final Letters of his Surname, viz. *A. P—E*, and they give you the same Idea of an *Ape*, that his Face, and his Shape, and his Stature do, and his Nature ludicrously mischievous.

As he has been constantly meditating Mischief, he has, like his *African* and *Asiatick* Relations the Jackanapes's and Quidnunchi's, been always mimicking every Body and every Thing: But in his

mimical Essays he always *sinks* as far below those whom he endeavours to counterfeit, as the Actions of a Monkey fall short of those of a Man.

In his Rhapsody of *Windsor Forest*, which was impudently writ in Emulation of the *Cooper's-Hill* of Sir John Denham, one of the most beautiful and most artful Poems that we have in *English Rhime*, *A. P—E* *sinks* as far below Sir John Denham, as the Bottom of *Windsor Forest* is below the Summit of *Cooper's-Hill*.

In the *Ode* which the same *Pantomimical Creature* wrote upon St. *Cecilia's Day*, an *Ode* which was vainly and foolishly writ in Emulation of Mr. *Dryden's Feast of Alexander*, he has not the least Shadow of any of Mr. *Dryden's* great Qualities, neither of his Art, his Variety, his Passion, his Enthusiasm, or his Harmony. The very Numbers in Mr. *Dryden's* incomparable *Ode*, are themselves incomparable, and are always adapted and adjusted by that great Poet to his Passion and his Enthusiasm.

Tho' I have not for several Years read *Chaucer's Temple of Fame*, yet I am well enough acquainted with his Character, to know that he has too much Genius, and too much good Sense to have committed many Absurdities; whereas the *Temple of Fame*, writ by the *Pantomimical A. P—E*, is one long Chain of Blunders and Boggisms, and one continued Absurdity.

All the World knows how very much he falls short of *Ambrose Philips* in *Pastorals*; but in the *Drama*, he is below even *Tom Durfey*. The *Marriage-Hater match'd*, and the *Boarding-School*, tho' but indifferent Performances, are yet ten times better Dramatical Pieces than the whimsical *What d'ye call it*.

And yet this little turbulent Creature has endeavoured to decry and calumniate every Author who

has

has excelled him, and shone in a superior Region to him, moved partly by his natural Envy and Malice, (the Deformity of his *Mind* answering to that of his *Body*) and partly by that Ignorance and Stupidity which make a Dog howl at the Moon.

Yet notwithstanding his Ignorance and his Stupidity, this *Animalculum* of an Author, is, forsooth! at this very Juncture, writing the *Progress of Dulness*. Yes! the Author of *Windsor Forest*, of the *Temple of Fame*, of the *What d'ye call it*; nay, the Author even of the *Profund*, is writing the *Progress of Dulness*! A most vain and impertinent Enterprize! For they who have read his several Pieces which we mentioned above, have read the *Progress of Dulness*; a Progress that began in *Windsor Forest*, and ended in the *Profund*; as the short Progress of the *Devil's Hogs* ended in the *Depth of the Sea*.



ADVERTISEMENT.

WE hear that there is now in the Press an Alphabetical List of all such Persons, whether dead or living, who are abused in the three Volumes lately published by *Pope and Company*; distinguishing by proper Asterisks such as are particular Friends, familiar Acquaintance, or bountiful Subscribers to Mr. *Pope*: Among which, these that follow are the most considerable.

ALMIGHTY GOD.

THE KING.

THE QUEEN.

HIS LATE MAJESTY.

Both Houses of Parliament.

The Privy-Council.

The Established Church.

The Bench of Bishops.

The present Ministry.

Private

*Private Persons that are
dead.*

Shakespeare.
Earl of Rochester.
Sir William Temple.
Sir John Vanbrugh.
Sir Samuel Garth.
Dean Stanhope.
Mr. Addison.
Mr. Rowe.
Dr. Brady.
Dr. Sewel.
Mr. Cleveland.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Waller.
Mr. Crown.
Mr. Tate.
Mr. Gildon.
Mr. T. Brown.
Mr. Motteux.
Mrs. Behn.
Mr. Stepney.
Mr. Howard.

Among the Living.

Sir R. Steele.
Dr. Young.
Mr. A. Philips.

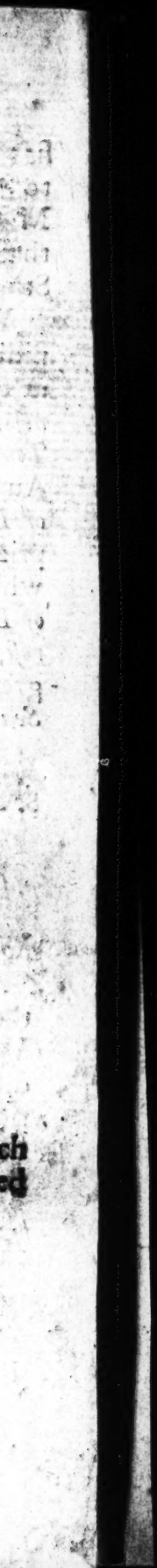
Mr. Wellsted.
Mr. Tickel.
Mr. Eusden.
Mr. Theobald.
Mr. Hill.
Sir R. Blackmore.
Sir W. Yonge.
Lady M. W.
Mr. D—n.
Mr. Congreve.
Mr. Moore.
Mr. Carey.
Mr. Budgel.
Mr. Hodges.
Mr. Burnet.
Mr. C. Johnson.
Mr. Dennis.
Mr. Oldmixon.
Mr. W. Philips.
Mr. Broome.
Mr. Cibber.
Dean Daniel.
Dean Ward.
Dean Smedley.
General Crowder.
E. of S—k.
Mr. Afigil.
Mr. Gordon.
Mr. Ward.

To which will be added a correct List of such
 Persons, as for their great Merits, have escaped
 these Authors Censure.

Mr. Trap.
Mr. Hart.

And others.

F I N I S



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